

# Our Dumb Animals!

"WE SPEAK FOR THOSE WHO



CANNOT SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES."

I would not enter on my list of friends,  
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,  
Yet wanting sensibility, the man  
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.—COWPER.

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## PAUL AND DAN CARRYING THE TELEGRAM.

We are indebted to "*Golden Days*," Philadelphia, for this beautiful picture. The story we give in brief:

The boy is *Paul Wilson*, the dog is Paul's dog "*Dan*." The farm house is the "*Ridge Hill Farm*." The man driving the two horses is "*old miser Lucas*," who is going to buy the farm for a very small sum, because farmer Farnham is compelled to sell to raise money to help his son, who is in trouble. A telegram has come from an uncle in Montana, that he will furnish the money and the farm need not be sold. There is a deep snow, and old Lucas starts to buy the farm before farmer Farnham can get the telegram. Paul Wilson undertakes to carry it across lots, and get ahead of old Lucas. When he had almost reached the house Paul fell and sprained his ankle, and just then saw old Lucas coming. Dan had been taught to carry messages. Paul put the telegram in his mitten, and told Dan to carry it to the house, which Dan did. He got there ahead of old Lucas—the farm was saved, and Paul, who was very poor, was adopted as a son by farmer Farnham, and now lives at the "*Ridge Hill Farm*."

If I was going to paint a pikter of *Faith, Affection and Honesty*, I would paint mi dog looking up in mi face and waggin his tail.

—JOSH BILLINGS.



PAUL, DAN, AND OLD MISER LUCAS.

## A BORN REPORTER.

A Chicago editor tells this story: A young man applied to him one day to be employed as reporter. The street-car men were discussing a strike, and the young man was instructed to see what he could find out. He tried to pass the guards. They threw him down stairs. He then paid a dollar to get in a back way, but was detected and dropped out of a window. He then climbed to the roof on the fire escape, got into the top story through a trap door, got into the room over the one where the meeting was held, listened through a stove-pipe hole to the discussion, heard the resolution passed—to strike at nine o'clock next morning—and about midnight had it all written up for the morning paper. It reminds us of an incident in Boston some years ago. Our Massachusetts Society Prevention of Cruelty to Animals was to hold a large meeting in our Music Hall in the afternoon, to distribute prizes to the school children for the best compositions on kindness to animals. Late in the forenoon we were assailed by a reporter of an evening paper, to know *what we were going to say* in Music Hall some three hours later. We answered that it would depend somewhat on the audience. "Well, if it's a large audience and everything all right, about what shall you say?" So we told him. From our office he went straight to the state house, pushed through all obstacles, got access to the governor, and said: "Mr. Angell has told me about what he is going to say this afternoon. I wish you would tell me about what you are going to say." The governor related the incident with much satisfaction, and we never meet that reporter without being pleasantly reminded of it.

## BEFORE SEDAN.

Happening to be in Paris at the opening of the Franco-Prussian war, I was grieved to hear some of the French soldiers so far forgetful of the faith and chivalry of their heroic forefathers, as to avow that their god was the mitrail-euse. They soon discovered to their cost that their idol proved as impotent and treacherous to them, as Dagon was to the Philistines. The German Emperor, on the contrary, was accustomed to evoke the aid of Heaven on the eve of an engagement, and to thank God for victories won. On the evening before the battle of Sedan, the chant that filled the air from every German camp, was not the song of ribaldry, but the glorious hymn, "Now, let us all thank God." (Nun danket Alle Gott.) They prayed, they fought, they conquered.—*Cardinal Gibbons.*

## NOTED INDIAN FIGHTER KNOCKED OUT BY STREET ARAB.

A dispatch from Chicago, last Sunday, says: General Crook was induced by the directors of the Waif Sunday School to address 12,000 Chicago street urchins at their Thanksgiving dinner this afternoon. The subject of his address was to be his experiences with the Indians. The result was amusing to all but the noted Indian fighter. Almost before he knew it, the General had a bad case of stage fright, the little street savages receiving him with such paralyzing yells and other like manifestations of devilry extraordinary, that the subduer of the redskins lost his voice completely, and was obliged to retire to his seat, looking as fatigued as though he had just come back from a six-days' fight with Geronimo.—[Bands of Mercy needed there.—EDITOR.]

## ROWDY STUDENTS.

## Five Columbia College Youths Fined for Disturbing a Theatre.

NEW YORK, Dec. 23, 1888. Five Columbia College students who were arrested last night for creating a disturbance at the Bijou Theatre and annoying people on the street by their rough actions, were fined \$10 each in the police court today. There was a party of about 300 students at the theatre, and they were disorderly. The police had to interfere after the performance to enable other persons in the audience to get out of the lobby of the theatre without danger. The students who resisted the officers were arrested.—*Herald, Dec. 24, '88.* [Need of Humane Education in Colleges.—EDITOR.]

## THE DEADLY CIGARETTE.

An analysis of a dozen brands of cigarettes has been made in Chicago, and the results are such that cigarette smokers cannot regard them with complacency. Almost every brand was found to have been "doctored" to a greater or less degree. While the injurious ingredients (apart from the tobacco itself) vary somewhat, there is enough in each variety to induce smokers who value their health to give up cigarettes altogether.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

## A HARD HEADED FARMER.

"Miss Minnie Bertha Learned will now give us some very interesting experiments in chemistry, showing the carboniferous character of many ordinary substances, after which she will entertain us with a short treatise on astronomy and an illustration of the geological formation of certain substances, and close with a brief essay entitled, 'Philosophy vs. Rationalism.'" Thus spoke the president of a young ladies' seminary on the class-show day.

A hard headed, old fashioned farmer happened to be among the examining board, and he electrified the faculty, and paralyzed Miss Minnie by asking:

"Kin Miss Minnie tell me how much sixteen and three-fourths pounds of beef would come to at fifteen and a half cents a pound?"

"Why, really, I—I—" gasped Miss Minnie.

"Kin you tell me who is the President of the United States?"

"Why—I—I—Mr. Blaine, isn't he? Or is it—"

"Kin you tell me where the Mississippi River rises and sets?"

"I—I—don't—just know."

"I reckoned ye didn't. Gimme the good old days when gals an' boys went to school to larn sense."

## HOW THE PARROT SETTLED IT.

Mr. Brown had a "bird dog," a very handsome hunter, and I must tell you how he was spoiled for hunting; it was so funny a circumstance that his master always laughed when he told the story, although he was much vexed to lose so good a game dog.

His housekeeper had a parrot given to her, and the first time the dog came into the room where the bird was, he stopped and "pointed." The parrot slowly crossed the room, and came up in front of the dog, and looked him square in the eye, and then, after a moment, said "You're a rascal!"

The dog was so much astonished to hear a bird speak that he dropped his tail between his legs, wheeled about and ran away; and from that day to this he has never been known to "point" at a bird.—*Our Little Men and Women.*

A conceited student in Brown University once told Dr. Francis Wayland, the President, that he thought it would be easy to make proverbs like those of Solomon. The reply of Dr. Wayland was simply, "Make a few."

## THE INVALID AND THE VIOLINIST.

An old and infirm soldier was playing his violin one evening on the Prater, in Vienna. His faithful dog was holding his hat, in which passers by dropped a few coppers as they came along. However, on the evening in question, nobody stopped to put a small coin into the poor old fellow's hat. Everyone went straight on, and the gaiety of the crowd added to the sorrow in the old soldier's heart, and showed itself in his withered countenance.

However, all at once, a well-dressed gentleman came up to where he stood, listened to his playing for a few minutes, and gazed compassionately upon him. Ere long, the old fiddler's weary hand had no longer strength to grasp his bow. His limbs refused to carry him farther. He seated himself on a stone, rested his head on his hands, and began silently to weep. At that instant the gentleman approached, offered the old man a piece of gold, and said: "Lend me your violin a little while."

Then, having carefully tuned it, he said: "You take the money, and I'll play."

He *did* play! All the passers-by stopped to listen—struck with the distinguished air of the musician, and captivated by his marvelous genius. Every moment the circle became larger and larger. Not copper alone, but silver—and even gold—was dropped into the poor man's hat. The dog began to growl, for it was becoming too heavy for him to hold. At an invitation from the audience, the invalid emptied its contents into his sack, and they filled it again.

After a national melody, in which everyone present joined, with uncovered heads, the violinist placed the instrument upon the poor man's knees, and, without waiting to be thanked, disappeared.

"Who is it?" was asked on all sides.

"It is Armand Boucher, the famous violin-player," replied some one in the crowd. "He has been turning his art to account in the service of charity. Let us follow his example."

And the speaker sent round his hat also, made a new collection, and gave the proceeds to the invalid, crying, "Long live Boucher!"

Deeply affected, the invalid lifted up his hands and eyes towards Heaven, and invoked God's blessing on his benefactor.

That evening there were two happy men in Vienna—the invalid, placed for a long time above the reach of want, and the generous artist, who felt in his heart the joy which always repays the bestowal of charity.—*The Angelus.*

## HORSE BLANKETS PAY.

Farmers often deceive themselves by thinking they cannot afford to buy a horse blanket. When horses are not blanketed in cold weather, if they keep in good condition, they must eat more to keep them warm than a horse blanket would cost. *When spring comes, a horse that has been blanketed all winter is usually worth \$50 to \$100 more than one which has not been blanketed. It is money in the farmer's pocket to blanket his horse.* No cloth is more deceiving than horse-blanket cloth, for weak blankets which will not wear can be made to look as well as strong ones. Every farmer should be able to distinguish the quality.—*St. Paul Globe.*

Perform a good deed, speak a kind word, bestow a pleasant smile, and you will receive the same in return. The happiness you bestow upon others is reflected back.



Officers of Parent American Band of Mercy.  
GEO. T. ANGELL, President; SAMUEL E. SAWYER,  
Vice-President; REV. THOMAS TIMMINS, Secretary;  
JOSEPH L. STEVENS, Treasurer.

Over five thousand eight hundred branches  
of the Parent American Band of Mercy have  
been formed, with probably over four hundred  
thousand members.

## PLEDGE.

"I will try to be kind to all harmless living  
creatures, and try to protect them from cruel  
usage."

Any Band of Mercy member who wishes can cross  
out the word *harmless* from his or her pledge. M. S. P.  
C. A. on our badges mean "*Merciful Society Prevention  
of Cruelty to all.*"

We send *without cost*, to every person asking,  
a copy of "Band of Mercy" information and  
other publications.

Also, *without cost*, to every person who writes  
that he or she has formed a "Band of Mercy"  
by obtaining the signatures of thirty adults or  
children or both — either signed, or *authorized  
to be signed* — to the pledge, *also the name chosen  
for the "Band" and the name and post-office  
address [town and state] of the President:*

1st, Our monthly paper, "OUR DUMB ANI-  
MALS," full of interesting stories and pictures,  
for one year.

2d, *Copy of Band of Mercy Information.*

3d, *Copy of Band of Mercy Songs.*

4th, *Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals,*  
containing many anecdotes.

5th, *Eight Humane Leaflets,* containing pic-  
tures and one hundred selected stories and  
poems.

6th, *For the President,* an imitation gold  
badge.

The head officers of *Juvenile Temperance  
Associations* and teachers and Sunday school  
teachers should be Presidents of Bands of Mercy.

Nothing is required to be a member, but to  
sign the pledge or authorize it to be signed.

Any intelligent boy or girl fourteen years  
old can form a Band with no cost, and receive  
what we offer, as before stated.

To those who wish badges, song and hymn  
books, cards of membership, and a membership  
book for each Band, the prices are, for badges,  
gold or silver imitation, eight cents; ribbon,  
four cents; song and hymn books, with fifty-  
two songs and hymns, two cents; cards of  
membership, two cents; and membership book,  
eight cents. The "Twelve Lessons on Kind-  
ness to Animals" cost only two cents for the  
whole, bound together in one pamphlet. The  
Humane Leaflets cost twenty-five cents a hun-  
dred, or eight for five cents.

Everybody, old or young, who wants to do  
a kind act, to make the world happier or bet-  
ter, is invited to address, by letter or postal,  
Geo. T. Angell, Esq., President, 19 Milk Street,  
Boston, Massachusetts, and receive full in-  
formation.

A Good Order of Exercises for Band of Mercy  
Meetings.

1—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn, and repeat  
the Pledge together. [See Melodies.]

2—Remarks by President, and reading of Report of  
last Meeting by Secretary.

3—Readings, Recitations, "Memory Gems," and Anec-  
dotes of good and noble sayings, and deeds done to  
both human and dumb creatures, with vocal and instru-  
mental music.

4—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn.

5—A brief address. Members may then tell what they  
have done to make human and dumb creatures happier and  
better.

6—Enrollment of new members.

7—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn.

## PARENT AMERICAN BAND OF MERCY.

Any boy, girl, man or woman can come to our offices,  
sign the above "Band of Mercy" pledge, and receive a  
beautifully-tinted paper certificate that the signer is a *Life  
Member of the "Parent American Band of Mercy,"* and a  
"*Band of Mercy*" member of the *Massachusetts Society for  
the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, all without cost,* or  
can write us that they wish to join, and by enclosing a two-  
cent return postage stamp, have names added to the list,  
and receive a similar certificate by mail. Those who wish  
the badge and large card of membership, can obtain them  
at the office by paying ten cents, or have them sent by mail  
by sending us, in postage stamps or otherwise, twelve  
cents.

Many of the most eminent men and women not only of  
Massachusetts, but of the world, are members of the  
"Parent American Band."

Bands can obtain our membership certifi-  
cates at ten cents a hundred.

## A BEAUTIFUL DREAM.

One of the best things we have seen for a  
long time is in the *Humane Educator*, "*A  
Dream*," by our friend Oscar B. Todhunter of  
the "Ohio Humane Society." Officer Miller  
of the society after a hard day's work from day-  
light until eleven o'clock at night, comes home  
tired and discouraged with his severe duties and  
the small pay the society can afford to give.  
His good wife thinks that for her sake, his own  
and the children's, he should leave the Humane  
Society and find other business. He falls  
asleep and here we begin:

Officer Miller slept the sleep of the just  
and the weary, and kind nature vouchsafed  
unto him pleasant dreams.

He dreamed it was the morning before  
Christmas, and that he was in the Society's  
office when the postman came in with an  
unusually heavy mail, which the Superin-  
tendent sat down to read.

"I don't know what we are going to do,"  
said the Superintendent wearily, as he took  
up the first letter. "Our treasury is nearly  
empty, and but little money is coming in. I  
do not so much mind doing the hard work of  
the Society, but this awful, continual struggle  
to get money wears one out completely. I  
wish I could hope to find something in these  
letters. But money does not come in that  
way. These probably contain complaints to  
be added to the long list already filed, or,  
perhaps, criticisms on our inefficiency from  
persons who have never visited our office and  
know nothing of the difficulties and embar-  
rassment under which we work. What?  
What's this?" he said in surprise, as he  
opened the first letter and a bank check  
fluttered out.

"I think your Society needs another officer.  
Find enclosed check for \$500 to pay for an  
additional man for six months.

JENKINS, Banker.

"Did you ever?" said the Superintendent.  
"I never," said Officer Miller.

"Look at this again," said the Superin-  
tendent, as he opened the next letter.

"Find herewith a Christmas offering of  
\$50 for each of your officers, your clerk, and  
your faithful collector. "A FRIEND."

"I know that lady's handwriting," said  
the Superintendent.

"God bless her," said Officer Miller.

"Well, well, it grows better," said the  
Superintendent, opening the next letter.

"Find herewith \$1,000 to add to your  
building fund. "BROWN, Broker."

"Did you ever?" said the Superintendent  
again.

"Solemnly, I never did," said Officer  
Miller.

"This is a cheerful task," said the Super-  
intendent, taking up the next letter, a dainty  
note.

"You need a night officer to look after the  
hackmen, street car horses, sports and early  
markets. Draw on me for the necessary  
expense.

"MRS. FASHION, Social Queen."

"She's the Queen for us," said the Super-  
intendent.

"I am her most faithful subject," said  
Officer Miller.

"What have we this time?" said the  
Superintendent, taking up the next letter.

"Find herewith \$50.29, church collection  
for the Humane Society.

MARTIN, Pastor."

"That's the church for me," said the  
Superintendent.

"Me, too," said Officer Miller.

"What the next one?" said the Superin-  
tendent, waking up to his task.

"I send you ten cents. It's all I have.

BAND OF MERCY BOY."

"He has done more than all the rest,"  
said the Superintendent.

"So he has," said Officer Miller.

"My hands grow strong for my work,"  
said the Superintendent, taking up a large  
packet.

"Find enclosed deed to Society for lot and  
buildings on corner of Blank and Blank  
streets. SMITH, Capitalist."

"The Smith family is ahead," said the  
Superintendent, when he had recovered.

"My grandmother's name was Smith,"  
said Officer Miller, as he picked himself off  
of the floor.

"Look what a pile we have to open yet,"  
said the Superintendent, as he lifted the  
remaining letters.

B-r-r-r-r. All was darkness and chaos  
and confusion for a moment, when Officer  
Miller regained consciousness and turned  
over and rubbed his eyes open to see that  
his faithful alarm clock was calling him and  
telling him that it was five o'clock, and that  
he must dress himself and swallow his break-  
fast hastily, and be away to Broadway hill at  
six o'clock to meet the early street cars and  
coal wagons.

## THE SNOW-STORM.

Blow, blow; snow, snow,

Every thing is white.

Sift, sift; drift, drift.

All the day and night.

Squealing pig, paths to dig,

Hurry out of bed,

Rub your nose, warm your toes,

Fetch along the sled.

Red-cheek girls, wavy curls,

School-house down the lane;

Fingers tingle, sleigh-bells jingle,

Jack Frost come again.

Hurrah! hurrah! now for war;

Build the white frost high.

Steady aim wins the game,

See the snow-balls fly.

Setting sun, day is done,

Round the fire together;

Apples rosy, this is cozy,

Jolly winter weather!



## OUR DUMB ANIMALS.

*Boston, February, 1889.*

ARTICLES for this paper may be sent to  
GEO. T. ANGELL, President, 19 Milk Street.

## PROTECTION OF DUMB ANIMALS.

At the January meeting of Directors, held on the 16th, over six hundred officers and men of the Boston Police were elected branch members of the society, and it was voted to supply members of the "Coachmen's Benevolent Association" with the Society's monthly paper without charge. A vote of thanks was passed to Mrs. Wm. Appleton for a donation of \$500—the cost of the Society's new ambulance for removal of disabled animals.

The Boston agents have dealt with 167 cases of cruelty during the month, taken 23 animals from work, and mercifully killed 51. Seventy-four new "Bands of Mercy" have been formed, making a total of 6,435.

## BANDS OF MERCY.

We are glad to report this month in other columns *seventy-four* new branches of our "Parent Band of Mercy," making a grand total of *six thousand four hundred and thirty-five*. As showing how widely they extend we received the other day, in same mail, letters from one in *Las Vegas, New Mexico*, and another in *Shanghai, China*.

## DONATIONS AND GIFTS.

1. All sums sent to these offices or given for the *Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals* will pass into its funds.

2. All sums sent or given to the *American Humane Education Society* will pass into its funds, to be used in *carrying humane education and establishing humane societies throughout the country and the continent*.

3. All sums sent or given for any special object will be used so far as practicable in carrying out that object.

4. All sums sent or given to President Angell's *missionary fund*, to be used in his discretion, will be used by him wherever he thinks the greatest good can be accomplished.

## \$150 AND COSTS.

In the Brookline Police Court this forenoon on complaint of the M. S. P. C. to Animals, William A. Corbett was fined \$100 and costs for pulling six inches off the tongue of a horse, and \$50 and costs for driving him two days in that condition.—*Boston Traveller, Jan. 17, 1889.*

## AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY.

We acknowledge reception to date of this writing, for the above named society of money \$1,580, and subscriptions \$1,000, making in all \$2,580.

We shall publish in due time the names of all givers who do not forbid publication.

We have various carefully considered plans of work. Which of them we shall adopt must depend on the amount of subscriptions, which may be sent to Geo. T. Angell, President, 19 Milk Street, Boston.

## FOUNTAINS.

It gives us pleasure to say that of the fifty-four public drinking fountains for horses in the city of Boston *forty-four* are to be kept running all winter.

## UPWARDS OF TWO HUNDRED COLLEGES.

In response to our proposal to give \$100 prize to the college student who shall write the best essay on "*the effect of humane education on the prevention of crime*," we have already received kind letters from upwards of two hundred American Colleges and Universities, and have supplied their libraries with bound volumes of "*Our Dumb Animals*" and other humane publications, and their students, individually, with condensed information. The first essay received is one of the very best we ever read, and we hope to be able a few months from now to offer to all the leading papers and magazines of the country, without charge, carefully prepared original articles on this important subject.

## NEW YORK.

We have received the 23d annual reports of the American (New York) Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, with a beautiful likeness of, and tribute to, Henry Bergh. The Society's receipts during the year were \$105,516.62. It investigated 3,052 cases, prosecuted 991, and did lots of other good work.

By the recent death of Mrs. Marie J. Pitman [Margery Deane] at Paris, the press has lost one of its most brilliant writers, and dumb animals and our Massachusetts Society one of their and our best friends.

## UTAH.

We are glad to be informed of a new Humane Society just organized at Salt Lake, Utah.

## A MISSIONARY FUND.

We notice that our friends of "*The National Woman's Christian Temperance Union*" are now calling for a *Missionary Fund* to distribute their literature to teachers, clergymen, editors, etc., etc. We are glad to assure them that our efforts during the past two or three years to establish a *Missionary Fund* have enabled us to send many hundreds of thousands of our humane publications over this country and Canada, with results extremely satisfactory.

## MAINE.

It has given us pleasure, at request of Mrs. Cavazza of Portland, to supply the State Teachers Annual Convention with humane publications.

## OUR NEW AMBULANCE.

We take from the Cincinnati Commercial of Jan. 12th the following description of our new ambulance.

"It was an agreeable surprise to see passing through the streets yesterday the large new ambulance for removing disabled animals. This was built under the direction of the Ohio Humane Society of this city for the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals at Boston.

It makes a gay appearance, as the body is painted in bright red, with canary-colored gearing and black and gold trimmings. The wood and iron work are very heavy and most substantial and the mechanical work will be a surprise to Boston people. Dr. John Meyers jr., V. S., and Secretary Burnham have given a great deal of attention in the supervision of its building, besides introducing all the best improvements that years of experience with the Cincinnati ambulance could suggest.

It is very complete and has many appointments that have never been introduced in any other ambulance. The whole expense of this valuable adjunct to humane work, costing \$500, has been generously contributed by a distinguished lady of Boston."

The cost of this ambulance was paid by Mrs. Wm. Appleton of this city. It can be had at the offices of the Society, 19 Milk Street, on payment of cost of horses and driver. No charge is made for use of ambulance.

GEO. T. ANGELL,  
President.

## CINCINNATI.

We welcome the revised "*Humane Educator*," published quarterly by "*The Ohio Humane Society*," and edited by its Secretary, and our friend, Erastus Burnham, and full of good things. We hope it may soon become a monthly and do a vast deal of useful work in Ohio and elsewhere.

## A FEW EXTRACTS FROM RECENT LETTERS.

NORTH YAKIMO, Washington Territory, Dec. 31.  
Enclosed find fifteen dollars for which please send fifty copies of "*Our Dumb Animals*" for one year.

MUSKOGEE, Indian Territory.  
The children are enthusiastic over their "*Band of Mercy*." It now numbers forty-four and is rapidly growing. We gave an entertainment last Wednesday and realized \$9.15.

LAS VEGAS, New Mexico.  
After reading your publications to my pupils I have formed a "*Band of Mercy*" of forty members.

SHANGHAI, China.  
I enclose \$1. Will you kindly send me as many copies of "*Our Dumb Animals*" as you can to be placed in schools. The children need the beautiful lessons of mercy as much as American children. I hope we may some time send something to your *missionary fund*.

MRS. L. L. GULICK.  
FREDERICKSBURG, Texas.  
I have read in "*American Teacher*" your paper, "*Humane Education*" and *Bands of Mercy in Our Public Schools*, and have obtained the signatures of fifty-seven children and formed a band.

The average school life of the woman teacher in the west is about two years, and the farther west she goes the less time she teaches.

Write benefits on marble—injuries on sand.

## THE AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY.

The American Humane Education Society was organized on January 16th, and is now ready to receive donations and begin work.

Its President, Secretary, Trustees of Permanent Fund and offices are the same as those of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. Its directors are selected from our best citizens and others who have shown special interest in humane education. Among them are *Hon. Edmund H. Bennett*, Dean of the Boston University Law School; *Hon. Charles L. Flint*, President of the New England Mortgage Company, and for many years President of the Boston School Board; *Hon. Samuel C. Cobb*, President of the Massachusetts Hospital Life Insurance Company, and formerly Mayor of Boston; *Hon. Daniel Needham*, *Hon. Henry B. Hill*, *Samuel E. Sawyer, Esq.*, Vice-President of the Parent American Band of Mercy, *Mrs. Wm. Appleton*, *Mrs. Robert Treat Paine*, *Mrs. S. C. Cobb*, *Miss Florence Lyman*. No officer is to be paid a single penny for services rendered. Its office rents will be paid by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. Its literature will be furnished by the same society at the bare cost of printing.

Its object is to carry unsectarian humane education gratuitously *outside the State of Massachusetts, throughout the country and the continent*, and by the employment of suitable agents to establish *Bands of Mercy and Humane Societies* wherever they are most needed.

It is intended that not a single dollar shall be wasted, or used otherwise than with strict economy.

Active life memberships are \$100. Associate life memberships \$50. Active annual memberships \$10. Associate annual memberships \$5.

If I were a rich man I would give it \$50,000 and enter at once upon plans of humane education proportionate to that sum.

As it is, I give it without restriction real estate valued at \$1600; also other real estate of equal value, upon condition that if needed during my life time, it shall be returned to me. I shall deem it a pleasure to give my time, thoughts and best judgment to this society, as to the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, without other compensation than the satisfaction I derive from seeing the progress of the work. *All persons wishing further information are respectfully invited to write me for the same.*

Geo. T. Angell, President of the American Humane Education Society, the Massachusetts Society Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and the Parent American Band of Mercy, 19 Milk Street, Boston.

"But this, I say, he which soweth sparingly shall reap also sparingly, and he which soweth bountifully shall reap also bountifully."—"For God loveth a cheerful giver."—2nd Corinthians 9th-7th.



WINTER KINDNESS.

## THE SNOW-BIRD.

The ground was all covered when snowing one day,

And two little sisters were busy at play;  
A snow-bird was sitting close by on a tree,  
And merrily singing chick-a-dee-dee-dee,  
Chick-a-dee-dee-dee, chick-a-dee-dee-dee,  
Chick-a-dee-dee-dee, chick-a-dee-dee-dee!

He had not been singing that tune very long,  
Ere Emily heard him, so loud was his song;  
"O sister, look out of the window," said she,  
A little bird singing chick-a-dee-dee-dee,  
Chick-a-dee-dee-dee, chick-a-dee-dee-dee,  
Chick-a-dee-dee-dee, chick-a-dee-dee-dee!

O mother, do find him some stockings and shoes,

A frock and a hat, too, or as he may choose,  
I wish he'd come into the parlor and see—  
We'd warm him while singing chick-a-dee-dee-dee,

Chick-a-dee-dee-dee, chick-a-dee-dee-dee,  
Chick-a-dee-dee-dee, chick-a-dee-dee-dee!

"There's one," said the birdie, "I cannot tell who,  
Has clothed me already, and warm enough, too,  
He careth for you and He careth for me"—  
And off he went singing chick-a-dee-dee-dee,  
Chick-a-dee-dee-dee, chick-a-dee-dee-dee,  
Chick-a-dee-dee-dee, chick-a-dee-dee-dee!

## CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR'S CARDS.

We desire to thank friends who have kindly sent us from various parts of the country Christmas and New Year's Cards, part with, and part without the name of the donor. It is very pleasant to find among them one from Frances E. Willard; the picture an open well and bucket, and the words, Numbers VI: 24, 25 and 26. "The Lord bless, and keep thee;" "The Lord make his face shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee;" "The Lord lift up his countenance upon thee and give thee peace." As our January paper is made up in December we acknowledge these kind remembrances in this.

G. T. A.

## BIRDS IN THE HOUSE.

Do not hang your bird merely where his cage looks pretty. Nor must you fly to the other extreme, and place him in a glare of sunlight, even in winter. Birds suffer and die from this cause. The best way is to give him his choice: *put him in the sun and shade a part of his cage, so that he may do as he likes.* You will notice that he often sits in the shade.

Remember and take care about placing him in a draught, or too close to even a closed window, except on warm summer days. It is as great a mistake to put him where he will be subject to the dry, burning heat of a furnace or stove. Do not hang his cage too high nor too low, but let him breathe the pure air which you breathe yourself.

From November till June wrap his cage nightly in a warm shawl, or draw over it a thick flannel cover, and never place the cage on the floor, as I saw advised not long ago.

Your bird needs variety as well as you, bird-store men and bird-book writers to the contrary, notwithstanding. Give him every day, beside his seed and fresh water, a bit of green food, lettuce, sorrel, chickweed, plantain (leaf or ends) or a slice of banana or apple, and fasten the delicacy so that it cannot fall to the floor. A dainty bird will not touch it if it falls. Also, now and then, perhaps three times a week, give him a *snip or two of raw beef* the size of a pin head—larger if he's a mocking bird. He may look askance at first, and turn his wise, black eyes upon it with curiosity, but he will soon relish it, and eagerly snatch it from your finger, and it takes the place of the insects he would add to his bill of fare if he were free.

*In fact, try to keep in mind that the little fellow has likes and dislikes, pain and discomfort, happiness and pleasure, much as you have yourself, and you will be well repaid by his brightness and vivacity.*

"I can only be a sister to you" she said.

"Well if you will be a sister, may I give you a good night kiss?"

She shyly assented.

Then he folded her in his arms, and gently placing her head against his breast, kissed her.

"Mr. Sampson," she said, softly, "this is all so new to me, so—so different from what I thought, that if you will give me a little time to think it over, I—I—may—"

## NEW BANDS OF MERCY.

- 6361 Raynsville, Ind.  
I'll Try Band.  
P., Ida Shelton.
- 6362 Marysville, Tenn.  
Freedmen's Normal Inst.  
P., Luther Boyd.
- 6363 Salisbury, Vt.  
L. T. L. Band.  
P., Mrs. C. A. Sawyer.
- 6364 Groveport, Ohio.  
L. T. L. Band.  
P., D. R. Champe.
- 6365 Salisbury, N. C.  
1st Col'd Bap. Ch. Band.  
P., J. E. Delinger.
- 6366 Mt. Vernon, Iowa.  
P., Mrs. E. W. Dore.
- 6367 Milwaukee, Wis.  
Juv. Temperance Band.  
P., Altie A. Reed.
- 6368 Topinabee, Mich.  
Golden Star Band.  
P., Mrs. Addie Harmon.  
S., Katie Greenman.
- 6369 N. Yakima, W. T.  
Hope and Mercy Band.  
P., Mrs. L. Lou Monroe.
- 6370 Port Elizabeth, N. J.  
L. T. L. Band.  
P., H. J. Ogden.
- 6371 Marysville, Tenn.  
P., Bertha Scott.
- 6372 Rockville, Conn.  
Busy Bee Band.  
P., Kittie P. Becker.
- 6373 Las Vegas, New Mexico.  
P., Mrs. J. B. Dickinson.
- 6374 Selma, Cal.  
Bap. S. S. Band.  
P., E. Dudley.
- 6375 Kingsbury, Cal.  
Eden Band.  
P., Mrs. Reba Smith.
- 6376 Selma, Cal.  
P., C. A. Sage.
- 6377 Phoenixville, Pa.  
P., Hannah E. McCling.
- 6378 Canton, Ill.  
L. T. L. Band.  
P., Mrs. Ella R. Fleming.
- 6379 Petrolia, Pa.  
Mission School Band.  
P., Emily W. Tillinghast.
- 6380 Noble, Ill.  
P., Docia E. Shaw.
- 6381 Fort Edward, N. Y.  
L. T. L. Band.  
P., Mrs. Mary E. Allen.
- 6382 Fredericksburg, Texas.  
P., Mrs. M. K. Morrison.
- 6383 Billings, Montana T.  
L. T. L. Band.  
P., Esther A. Jobs.
- 6384 Amesbury, Mass.  
P., M. E. McDonald.
- 6385 Jeffersonville, Ind.  
Public Schools.  
Golden Rule Band.  
P., C. M. Marble.
- 6386 Never Fail Band.  
P., Anna Miller.
- 6387 Do Right Band.  
P., Jessie Montgomery.
- 6388 Rose Band.  
P., Anna Hobbs.
- 6389 Oriole Band.  
P., Lizzie Hertzsch.
- 6390 Violet Band.  
P., Lydia E. Rutledge.
- 6391 Rosebud Band.  
P., Fanny Watts.
- 6392 Daisy Band.  
P., M. F. E. Adams.
- 6393 Lily Band.  
P., Mrs. Libbie I. Wilson.
- 6394 Truthful Band.  
P., Mrs. Mattie French.
- 6395 Star Band.  
P., Hattie Polk.
- 6396 Pansy Band.  
P., Luella Leeper.
- 6397 Geranium Band.  
P., Kate Rawson.
- 6398 Robin Band.  
P., Amanda Nicholson.
- 6399 Pink Band.  
P., Sallie Field.
- 6400 Tulip Band.  
P., Kate Walkup.
- 6401 Johnnie Jump-up Band.  
P., Kate Thickston.
- 6402 Lark Band.  
P., Lou Laws.
- 6403 Bluebird Band.  
P., Lucy Herbert.
- 6404 Mocking-bird Band.  
P., Emma Rose.
- 6405 Primrose Band.  
P., Lira James.
- 6406 Canary Band.  
P., Mrs. Susie Penn.
- 6407 Thrush Band.  
P., Charles Martin.
- 6408 Wm. Penn Band.  
P., James Oglesby.
- 6409 Blue Bell Band.  
P., Sallie Runyan.
- 6410 Willing Workers Band.  
P., Eliza Parks.
- 6411 Whittier Band.  
P., Rob't Taylor.
- 6412 Tonsaurt Band.  
P., Mrs. Minerva Robinson.
- 6413 Forget-me-not Band.  
P., Katie Wilson.
- 6414 Pansy No. 2 Band.  
P., Sada Montgomery.
- 6415 Wide Awake Band.  
P., Minnie Reynolds.
- 6416 Rose-bud No. 2 Band.  
P., Emma Luper.
- 6417 Heliotrope Band.  
P., Cora Gard.
- 6418 Violet No. 2 Band.  
P., Kate Baxter.
- 6419 Rose No. 2 Band.  
P., Belle Eaken.
- 6420 Hope Band.  
P., Elmer Carr.
- 6421 Faithful Band.  
P., Mattie Forbes.
- 6422 Lily No. 2 Band.  
P., Bertha Williams.
- 6423 Sun-flower Band.  
P., Iola Cameron.
- 6424 Homer, N. Y.  
North Cemetery Band.  
P., John B. Webster.  
S., Sarah Milton.
- 6425 Dexter, Mo.  
L. T. L. Band.  
P., Carrie Lee Carter.
- 6426 Roca, Neb.  
L. T. L. Band.  
P., Mrs. E. G. Keys.
- 6427 Eagle, Wis.  
Myrtle Ferns Band.  
P., Willis Wilton.
- 6428 Aiken, S. C.  
Ben Harrison No. 1 Band.  
P., I. A. Givens.
- 6429 Revere, Mass.  
Franklin Ave. School  
Little Men & Women  
Band.  
P., Henrietta S. Pike.  
T., F. Gertrude Pike.
- 6430 E. H. Davis Band.  
P., H. S. Pike.  
S., Mary Rogers.
- 6431 Babylon, N. Y.  
L. T. L. Band.  
P., Mrs. Alonzo Fleet.
- 6432 Rochester, Minn.  
P., Mrs. Geo. H. Swasey.  
S., Anna Cross.
- 6433 Owego, N. Y.  
P., Mrs. W. H. Hutchinson.
- 6434 Campobello, N. B.  
Island Gem Band.  
P., Alice Taylor.
- 6435 Phoenixville, Pa.  
P., Mrs. Essie A. Haskins.

## [For Our Dumb Animals.]

## A DIFFERENCE OF OPINION,

BY HELEN WHITNEY CLARK, HEMATITE, MISSOURI.

"Cluck! cluck! cluck! cluck!" The speckled hen  
Went scratching here and there;  
"I'm very nicely fixed, I'm sure,  
With plenty, and to spare;  
And ten young chicks, as like myself  
As ever they can be,  
A *likelier* brood no one, I'm sure,  
Need ever wish to see!"

"Here's water standing in the trough,  
An ash-heap handy, too,  
With oats, and corn, and grains of wheat,  
And insects, not a few.  
O, yes, I have a happy lot,  
As any one may see;  
But what that stupid pig in there  
Can live for, puzzles *me*!"

"Umph, humph! umph, humph!" The spotted pig  
Within his sheltered pen,  
Just raised himself upon his side,  
And then lay down again.  
"Umph, humph, a happy life is mine!  
A nice, soft, muddy bed,  
And on the choicest kind of slop  
Three times a day I'm fed."

"I'm better off than *other* pigs  
Who have to *earn* their food,  
And go a-rooting 'round for mast,  
Or berries, in the wood,  
I haven't got an earthly thing  
To do, but take my ease,  
And eat, and drink, and wallow here  
As lazy as I please!"

"Its plain I'm quite a favorite  
To have such watchful care,  
So different from that clucking hen  
A scratching over there,  
Or from that prowling animal—  
Old Tom—the tabby cat;  
I'm sure I wouldn't want to live  
And lead a life like that."

"Mee-ow!" Old Tom the tabby cat  
Looked up with some surprise,  
Then softly yawned and stretched his back,  
And blinked his yellow eyes.  
"What *is* the creature talking of?"  
He said, with gentle purr;  
"I'm sure I'd hate to be a pig  
So fat I couldn't *stir*."

"But I have quite a happy life;  
Three times a day, at least,  
I'm fed on scraps and table-crumbs,  
I'm sure its quite a feast!  
Besides the rats and mice I catch,  
And birds, too, in the spring,  
With moles and rabbits, now and then,  
I live like any king."

"Caw!" cried a pert and sharp-eyed crow  
Perched on a walnut tree,  
"You seem quite well contented, friends,  
As I am glad to see;  
But you would sing another tune  
If you could only know  
Just what a pleasant thing it is  
To be a jolly *crow*."

"We've nothing in the world to do  
But rise at break of day,  
And breakfast on the farmer's corn,  
Without a cent to pay.  
Its true he puts a scare-crow up  
To fill us with alarm,  
But then we soon get used to *him*,  
And find he does no harm."

"But *you*, poor stupid pig, may be  
Contented with your pen,  
And prate about your happy lot  
Like that old speckled hen;  
And *you* may have your scraps and bones,  
Old cat, but this I know:  
Of all the creatures in the world,  
The jolliest is a *crow*."

"BLESSED ARE THE MERCIFUL, FOR THEY SHALL OBTAIN MERCY."



## DENNIS THE COACHMAN.

"Dennis," says she, "Ye'll find thim kittens," sez she, "and ye'll dhrrown thim kittens," sez she.

"Dade, an' I won't thin! It's a dacent b'y I am, and it's not for dhrawning kittens and that like durty work that I kem here at all.

"And what's this in the bar'l! Marcy, pre-sarve us! its Tab and the kittens! Shure now, Tab, what for would ye sarve me such a mane trick as to put yourself right here foreninst me very nose! 'That's the most unkindest cut of all! And its dead ye ought to be yourself."

Tabby stood up. She arched her back, and waved her tail, and sang Dennis a sweet song, and the heart of Dennis melted within him.

"Bedad!" quoth Dennis, "its a black shame to murther the little bastes." And Tabby arched her back and sang her siren song.

Suddenly the stairs creaked. Tab's eyes glared wildly at Dennis. Dennis started guiltily as he looked at Tab. Stealthy footsteps approached the barrel. "Dennis! Dennis!" cried Connie, "where are the kittens? Cook says Tab has some kittens, and you're going to drown them. But you won't, will you, Dennis dear. Please, please, don't drown them!"

"You're not to drown those kittens, you know, Dennis," said Rex. They belong to us,—to Connie and me."

"O Rex! here they are in the barrel. One, two, three, four, five, six, dear, darling kittens, all squirming about. O! Dennis! do put them all in my apron," and she held it out, and looked at him with blue, beseeching eyes.

"And what will I say to horr!" said Dennis pointing upward.

"Its none of her business," said Rex. "I guess we can do as we like with our own kittens. Give the kittens to Connie, and I'll take old Tab, and we'll hide 'em in the barn, where she can't find 'em."

Dennis went cautiously to the foot of the stairs and listened. Then he said, "Whisht! She's not there at all. Run, me darlins! 'Stand not upon the urther of your goin'."—*Journal of Education.*

## A SPECIMEN OF HUMOR.

Some people have strange ideas of what constitutes humor. Here is *Harper's Bazar* on its funny page presenting three pictures to its readers. The first represents two small children contemplating a cat. In the second they have taken the cat, put it into an ordinary copying press, and are turning the screw to press its life out of the poor creature, who is pictured with eyes protruding from its head under the process. In the third (and here is the presumed joke) the cat has become a mat, and is, with still agonized countenance, pressed into a flat surface upon the floor. This suggestion of infernal cruelty is set up to be laughed at, and children are made in their heartless depravity part of the fun. We suppose children themselves are expected to enjoy with the rest this choice bit of pleasantry.—*Boston Herald*, Jan. 9, 1889.

The above illustrates the importance of humanely educating our educated men to a right perception of the difference between humanity and cruelty. For this we have been sending with the aid of our missionary fund, bound volumes of our publications to our American Universities and College Libraries; for this we have been sending humane publications to the presidents, professors, and possibly fifty thousand students in all these institutions; for this we have secured the use of several columns in the "*American Teacher*," "*The Golden Rule*," organ of all the "*Societies of Christian Endeavor*," and "*The Union Signal*," organ of "*The National Women's Temperance Union*," and for this we mean to work with such strength and means as are given us until our labors end.

One day you will be pleased with a friend, and the next day disappointed in him. It will be so to the end; and you must make up your mind to it, and not quarrel. Your friend, you have found out, is not perfect. Nor are you; and you cannot expect to get much more than you give.



WINTER FUN.

## JIM, THE CINCINNATI FIREMEN'S DOG.

*Jim, the Firemen's Friend, Receives a Present at the Grand Opera House, Cincinnati.*

Jim was highly honored last night. He is only a dog, but has done his share to protect life and property.

The brave canine is the property of Chemical Fire Company No. 10. He was given to the firemen by Henry Kline several years ago. Mr. John R. Rogers, husband and manager of Minnie Palmer, wanted to show his appreciation of the best Fire Department in the world, and he decided to present a beautiful solid silver collar to Jim. The dog, which is a large and handsome Newfoundland, objected so strongly to leaving the engine-house, at Vine and Canal streets, that it became necessary to put him in a hack. The presentation took place on the Grand Opera House stage just before the curtain rose on the last act of "My Sweetheart." Jim was in a very bad humor. He had heard the fire-bells ring and couldn't get away. He has several times saved the lives of firemen. He can climb a ladder three stories high. It was galling to him that he couldn't run to the fire in progress while he was in the Opera House, but when the presentation came the intelligent animal seemed to know that he ought to behave, and quietly seated himself on the stage. Mr. Rogers, in a happy little speech, in which he said the Cincinnati Fire Department is the best in the whole world, handed the collar to Mayor Smith, who accepted it on behalf of Jim, the Fire Department and the city. On the collar will be engraved the inscription "*Jim—Chemical Fire Company, No. 10, Cincinnati. From Minnie Palmer and John R. Rogers, 1889.*" The little incident was greatly enjoyed by the audience, who applauded vociferously.

## THE BACHELOR.

[From the American Queen.]

Returning home at the close of day,  
Who gently chides my long delay,  
And by my side delights to stay?

Who sets for me my easy chair,  
Prepares the room with neatest care,  
And lays my slippers ready there?

Who regulates the evening fire,  
And piles the blazing fuel higher,  
And bids me draw my chair still nigher?

When sickness comes to rack my frame,  
And grief disturbs my troubled brain,  
Who sympathizes with my pain?

Nobody.

## NEPTUNE TO THE RESCUE.

Neptune was a pure Newfoundland, and brought up to care for his master and his master's family; but, like his noble species, it was his wont to care for everything that really needed and deserved his care.

One evening the gentleman went to the theatre, sitting in a private box and taking his favorite dog with him. In the course of the drama, which was slightly sensational, the stage became the scene of a fierce struggle between a mother and two ruffians for the possession of a little child. One of the ruffians had grasped the woman's shoulders from behind, and the other was about to tear the child from her frantic grasp, when a new and unexpected actor appeared upon the scene.

Good Neptune, from his master's box, had seen about all that kind of work that he cared to see, and had evidently only been waiting for good men, where there appeared so many, to hasten to the rescue; but when he saw the ruffian's hands upon the child, he cleared the railing of the box at a bound, and lighted on the stage, and, at the first onset, he fairly knocked one of the ruffians over, thus setting free the child. His next attention was bestowed upon ruffian number two, whom he was dragging down upon the stage, when the scene-shifters and property men came to the rescue. But not until the owner of the dog had come upon the stage, and the two ruffians had left the mother and child in peace, could the noble animal be subdued.

The gentleman of the box tried to explain to the audience, but there was no need. They understood fully, and the noble Newfoundland received round after round of applause, uproarious and hearty.—*Harper's Young People.*

## THE PIG PARTY.

Every girl or boy who has been at a donkey party will be pleased to know how to behave at a pig party. It contains as much hilarity as those gatherings, and is easier. Everybody at a party is required to draw with a pencil, on white paper, two pigs. The drawing must be made without taking the pencil off the paper. The second drawing must be made with the eyes blindfolded, after which the paper must be signed. The fun comes when a comparison of the drawings takes place, and the prize in competition is given to the draughtsman of the best pig. The person who makes the worst drawing is called the pig.—*Golden Days.*

## THE DOCKING OF HORSES.

It is a barbarous and cruel operation, in clear violation of the laws of Massachusetts, and may be punished by \$250 fine and a year's imprisonment in jail. The cruelty is not only in the operation, *but as the tail never can grow, the horse through life thereafter has no protection from flies, mosquitoes and other insects that torment.* We have obtained in Massachusetts courts already three convictions, and I hereby offer, in behalf of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, \$50 for evidence which shall enable us to convict of this cruel and barbarous practice.

GEORGE T. ANGELL.  
President Massachusetts Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

[For Our Dumb Animals.]

## A CANARY BIRD'S LETTER TO HIS MISTRESS.

BY EVA H. W., 14 YEARS OLD.

DEAR MISTRESS,—It is so lonesome since you have gone away that I hardly know what to do. But I have made up my mind to write you a letter on my sand-paper. There are not many birds that would sacrifice their sand-paper for other people, but you are so kind to me that I would give up all my possessions to you.

I never shall forget you for releasing me from that little wooden cell and putting me in this lovely golden cage. In it everything is as neat and clean as any king's palace need be. I can imagine that I am a little king myself.

My friends in my old home at the florist's used to tell me of the delightful times they had in some far-away islands named for us. But I don't think that the Canary Islands can be half as beautiful as my little home.

I know that the other birds, especially the English sparrows, envy me. I was talking the other day to some that had perched themselves on our window ledge.

Madame Know-All declared that I was *not* a cultured gentleman, although I did keep a cook. Professor Jersey, who had actually been to New Jersey, where he got his title, I presume, said that anyone, to be highly educated or cultivated, must travel.

I ventured to remark that my ancestors came from a part of the world that the sparrows didn't know even existed. I also told them that I had been brought from a distant city to my present residence. But, Madame Know-All, turning up her nose, or beak, I should say, answered: "You can never believe those yellow-backed light-headed creatures, anyway!" With this outburst of wrath they all flew away, leaving me to my own thoughts.

You can now see that they were really jealous of me; actually angry because my mistress was kind to me and filled my cups with water and seeds. But I don't envy them their position at all. It makes me strive to think of them these cold winter days. Why aren't people in general kinder to those poor little birds? Had I the power, I would throw crumbs to them every day; but I am only a bird, too. You, my mistress, I know do feed a great many of them, but I suppose you can't feed them all.

Your loving birdie,

GOLDY.

## A MODERN PETRUCHIO.

Engaged Youth—"My dear, do you know how to cook?"  
Sweet girl—"No."  
"You have a general knowledge of housekeeping, though, I suppose; or perhaps, you prefer sewing?"  
"George, if you are in want of a housekeeper or a seamstress I would advise you to apply to an employment agent. I thought you wanted a wife."  
"Don't be angry, my darling. I do want a wife, and you shan't be bothered with housekeeping. I will have my mother come and—"  
"—I'll learn, my dear; your mother shan't be income-moded on my account—no, indeed, George."

When you dispute with a fool he is certain to be similarly employed.—*Ex.*

## THE FOOLISH GIRL LOST HER EYES.

About a year ago one of the most lovely girls in the State lived at 40 Orange avenue, in this city. A pair of large, liquid blue eyes set off a face that would put any picture to shame, and her form was simply perfect. The young lady was highly educated and possessed all the qualities that go to make up a society belle. Her parents are well-to-do and she has wanted for nothing since she was old enough to prattle. But she had one fault and that fault has proved her undoing. It is called vanity. She fairly worshipped her own eyes and did everything in her power to make them more beautiful than they were. She used numerous drugs before she found what she wanted. This last drug made her eyes sparkle like diamonds, and she used it to such an extent that her right eye began to shrivel. This brought her to her senses and the family physician was called in. But he came too late, and informed the poor girl that she must lose one of her eyes sure, and probably both. The right eye was taken out some time ago, and she has lost all sight in the left and will be blind for life. It is one of the saddest cases that were ever brought to light in this city.—*Los Angeles Tribune.*

## HOW TO SIT A HORSE.

BY AN OLD CAVALRYMAN.

"The best riders in the world," said an old cavalryman, who was giving a greenhorn some points on equestrianism, "are the Mexicans. Buffalo Bill's cowboys are splendid riders, but the Mexicans are better still. And their superiority is in part due to the kind of saddle they use. That low English saddle you've got there," he continued, "I couldn't ride in. Now, the great beauty of the Mexican saddle is that a man sitting in it has his legs almost straight down beside the horse, like a clothespin. A Mexican on horseback keeps his heels and shoulders nearly in line, his feet planted firmly in his stirrups underneath him and pointed straight ahead, parallel with the horse. Our McClellan saddle would be as good as the Mexican saddle if it only had the stirrups placed a couple of inches farther back. As it is, a man riding in a McClellan saddle has to bend his leg at the knee in the English style. Now, with the knee bent it is almost impossible to keep your feet pointed straight ahead."

"Nine-tenths of the riders you see about the street and country roads every day have their toes turned at an angle of 45 degrees from the sides of the horse. As a consequence these riders can't have a firm seat, and don't enjoy the exercise half so much as they would if they rode properly."

"To sit firmly on a horse and at the same time to have the body erect and free to give with the horse's motion," the cavalryman said, "you must grip the animal's side with your knees. Not with the calves of the legs, mind, nor with the thighs, but with the knees alone. Now, if you don't keep your toes pointed straight ahead, or nearly so, it is impossible to get this grip with the knees."

"A Mexican astride his high curved saddle, with his legs hanging straight down, rises as easily as if he were sitting in a rocking chair, and at the same time it is almost impossible to unseat him. But a man riding on a flat English saddle with short stirrups, his legs bent at the knee and his toes turned out, has no chance when the horse jumps suddenly"—*Horse and Stable.*

## WHY HE THOUGHT HE'D WAIT.

Dentist: Mr. Doppenheimer, you won't feel me pull the tooth. The gas will make you insensible. You won't know what's going on.

Doppenheimer: Ish dot so? Well, I dinks I comes to morrow.

Dentist: But why not let me pull it to-day?  
Doppenheimer: Well, I don't yosht know how much monish der wash in my pocked-book.—*Life.*

## SAVED BY FOLLOWING ELK.

In the fall of 1879 a party of three men were sight-seeing and hunting in the Yellowstone National Park, and having prolonged their stay until late in October, were overtaken by a terrible snow-storm, which completely blockaded and obliterated all the trails, and filled the gulches, canons, and coulees to such a depth that their horses could not travel over them. They had lain in camp three days waiting for the storm to abate; but as it continued to grow in severity, and as the snow became deeper and deeper, their situation grew daily and hourly more alarming. Their stock of provisions was running low, they had no shelter sufficient to withstand the rigors of a winter at that high altitude, and it was fast becoming a question whether they should ever be able to escape. Their only hope was by abandoning their horses, and constructing snow-shoes which might keep them above the snow; but in this case they could not carry bedding and food enough to last them through the several days that the journey would occupy to the nearest ranch, and the chances of killing game en route after the severe weather had set in were extremely precarious. They had already set about making snow-shoes from the skin of an elk which they had saved. One pair had been completed, and the storm having abated, one of the party set out to look over the country for the most feasible route by which to get out, and also to try if possible to find game of some kind. He had gone about a mile toward the northeast when he came upon the fresh trail of a large band of elk that were moving toward the east. He followed, and in a short time came up with them. They were traveling in single file, led by a powerful old bull, who wallowed through snow, in which only his head and neck were visible, with all the patience and perseverance of a faithful old ox. The others followed him—the stronger ones in front and the weaker ones bringing up the rear. There were thirty-seven in the band, and by the time they had all walked in the same line they left it an open, well beaten trail. The hunter approached within a few yards of them. They were greatly alarmed when they saw him, and made a few bounds in various directions; but seeing their struggles were in vain, they meekly submitted to what seemed their impending fate, and fell back in rear of their file-leader. This would have been the golden opportunity of a skin hunter, who could have shot them all down in their tracks. But such was not the mission of our friend. He saw in this noble, struggling band a means of deliverance from what had threatened to be a wintry grave for him and his companions. He hurried back to camp and reported to his friends what he had seen. In a moment the camp was a scene of activity and excitement. Tent, bedding, provisions, everything that was absolutely necessary to their journey, were hurriedly packed upon their pack animals; saddles were placed, rifles were slung to the saddles, and leaving all surplus baggage, they started for the elk trail. They had a slow, tedious and laborious task breaking a way through the deep snow to reach it, but by walking and leading their saddle animals ahead, the pack animals were able to follow slowly. Finally they reached the trail of the elk herd, and following this, after nine days of painful traveling, arrived at a ranch between the upper falls of the Yellowstone River and Yellowstone Lake, where they recruited themselves and their stock, and whence they finally reached their homes in safety. The band of elk were allowed to pass down the river in safety, and our tourists never saw them again.—*G. O. Shields, in Harper's Magazine for November.*

## TREAT STOCK KINDLY.

I have known a great many free-going horses of nervous temperament kept in a continual worry by the rough words and ways of their drivers. They would fret and sweat and grow poor doing the work they would thrive while doing under mild-mannered, considerate control. I have seen a great many heifers and cows in a tremor of excitement while some ignorant or brutal fellow was milking them. I never knew them to be made quiet and willing to be milked by scoldings, kicking or pounding; but they might have been made docile by early and gentle handling. It is safe to say that rough usage of cows often occasions the loss of half of their milk. They refuse to "give down," and that dries them up very rapidly. Boys, dogs and heedless men worry them when driving from the field. Irregular feeding and milking, and everything out of the regular order, disturbs, and therefore damages them. Change of residence frequently causes cows to shrink their milk for a year. A noted Holstein butter cow, taken to the fair to test her butter-making qualities, made only a pound of butter from 44 lbs. of milk, while in the quiet of her home she made a pound of butter from 21 lbs. 3 oz. of milk. Likely she was extra nervous; but all cows have nerves enough to require that their treatment be gentle and regular.—*Hugh T. Brooks.*

Let the honeymoon be extended over the space of the whole married life.



## "FLASH," THE FIREMEN'S HORSE.

Flash was a white-foot sorrel, and run on No. 3;  
Not much stable manners—an average horse to see;  
Dull an' moody an' sleepy on "off" and quiet days;  
Full of turb'lent sour looks, an' small sarcastic ways.

But when, be't day or night time, he heard the alarm-bell ring,  
He'd rush for his place in the harness with a regular tiger spring;  
And watch with nervous shivers the clasp of buckle and band,  
Until it was plainly evident he'd like to lend a hand.

An' when the word was given, away he would rush an' tear,  
As if a thousan' witches was rumplin' up his hair,  
An' wake his mate up crazy with his magnetic charm;  
For every foot-beat sounded a regular fire alarm!

Never a horse a jockey would worship an' admire  
Like Flash in front of his engine, a racin' with a fire;  
Never a horse so lazy, so dawdlin' an' so slack  
As Flash upon his return trip, a-drawin' the engine back.

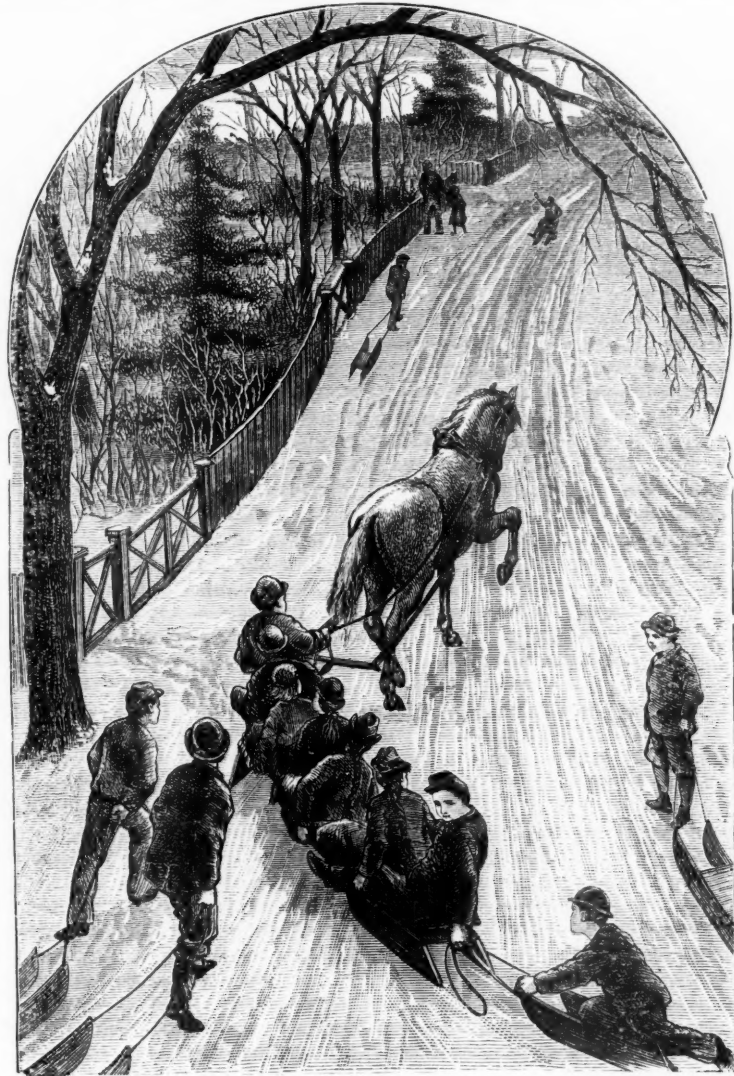
Now, Flash got tender-footed, and Flash was finally sold  
To quite a respectable milkman, who found it not so fine  
A-bossin' of God's creatures outside o' their reg'lar line.

An' once, in spite of his master, he stroll'd in 'mongst us chaps,  
To talk with the other horses, of former fires, perhaps;  
Whereat the milkman kicked him; *wherefore, us boys to please,*  
*He begged that horse's pardon upon his bended knees!*

But one day for a big fire as we were makin' a dash—  
Both of the horses we had on somewhat resemblin' Flash—  
Yellin' an' ringin', with excellent voice and heart,  
We passed the poor old fellow, a-tuggin' away at his cart.

If ever I see an old horse grow upward into a new,  
If ever I see a driver whose traps behind him flew,  
'Twas that old horse, a rompin' an' rushin' down the track,  
And that respectable milkman, a tryin' to hold him back!

Away he dashed like a cyclone for the head of No. 3.  
Gained the lead, and kept it, an' steered his journey free;  
Crowds a yellin' an' runnin', an' vainly hollerin' "whoa!"  
Milkman bracin' an' sawin', with never a bit of a show.



MORE WINTER FUN.

He watched till he see the engine properly workin' there,  
After which he relinquished all interest in the affair,  
Laid down in his harness, and, sorry I am to say—  
The milkman he had drawn there drew his dead body away!

That's the whole o' my story; I've seen more'n once or twice,  
That poor dumb animals' actions are full of human advice;  
An' if you ask what Flash taught, I simply answer you then,  
That poor old horse was a symbol of some intelligent men.

WILL CARLETON.

THE truth cannot be burned, beheaded or crucified. A lie on the throne is a lie still; and truth in a dungeon is truth still; and a lie on the throne is on the way to defeat, and truth in the dungeon is on the way to victory.

## NED OF NEWBURYPORT, MASS.

A wise horse is Ned, the dapple gray that runs on Engine 3 of Newburyport. Accustomed to fire service from boyhood, his mind has become completely engrossed with the duties of his office. Asleep or awake, he is prompt to respond to the call for help. An alarm of fire brings him to his feet in an instant, his whole body quivering with excitement. One of the useful accomplishments he picked up a short time ago is that of watering himself. Happening into the fire station one evening this week, the scribe was introduced to this feat of the gray's. "Ned," said the driver, "do you want a drink?" The old fellow looked round with a knowing wink, as much as to say he did. Unhitching him, he came out of his stall, walked over to the trough, looked around a moment, smelled of the faucet, and finally taking it in his teeth, opened it wide, setting the water running merrily. His thirst quenched, he reversed the lever, took another observation, and sauntered back to his stall unconcernedly.

JUDGE—"What sort of a man was it whom you saw commit the assault?" Constable—"Shure, yer honor, he was a small, insignificant craythur—about yer own size, yer honor."

## OUR DUMB FRIENDS.

Some time ago among the book notices in "THE AVE MARIA" there appeared a review, or rather a loving commendation, of a work which is called in Italian "Fioretti di San Francesco," and with us the "Little Flowers of St. Francis of Assisi." It is a collection of the poetic stories which have from time to time been told of St. Francis and his immediate followers;—little flowers indeed, gathered together in a most fragrant and dainty bouquet. The life of the Saint of Assisi was so beautiful a poem in itself, his soul was so lightsome with Divine light, that it is hard to select one jewel from amid such profusion; but surely his love for the brute creation was so remarkable that he stands at the head of the long list of saints who have protected and cared for the dumb creatures that are at the mercy of men.

The holy ones of earth have always shown this tenderness. St. Anthony preached to the fishes; St. Jerome healed a sick lion; St. John the Divine cared for a pet partridge; St. Anselm protected a little hunted hare from the sportsman's fury; St. Aventin out of pity put back into the water some fish which had been brought to him. Many other good hermits made friends of the birds. St. Walthof would do penance for killing an insect; St. Philip Neri reproved a man for treading upon a lizard; St. Bernard loved to free birds from the traps set for them; St. Francis de Sales wept with joy to see some doves share a meal with sparrows; and monastic institutions everywhere have always been a refuge for lost and homeless animals.

And so St. Francis of Assisi was not alone in caring for the humbler creatures of God. His gentleness toward them was something wonderful, and so great was his dread of hurting the helpless that he is said to have hesitated before placing his foot upon a stone! And those who love him and would be like him, even by walking in the tortuous and troubled ways in which all saints must tread, may do his work on earth. And a good way to set about it is to refrain from ill treating a dumb beast.

This is the simple and touching way in which he talked to the birds: "My little sisters, the birds, you owe much to God, your Creator, and ought to sing His praise at all times. . . . Beware, my little sisters, of the sin of ingratitude, and study always to praise the Lord."—Rev. Daniel E. Hudson, C. S. C., the Ave Maria Notre Dame, Indiana.

## A CAT AT MEETING.

In the course of a prayer meeting in the vestry of a New Bedford church, a pleasant looking pussy cat with tail erect came in and walked leisurely to a prominent place on the platform. A member of the church took her in his arms and put her outdoors at one side of the building, but in less than two minutes she came in at another door, and walked again to the platform with all due gravity and a home-like manner. Then the janitor took Miss Pussy, who was a very tame pet, and allowed any one to handle her as he pleased, and went out with her through a dark room in which spare settees are piled. He had scarcely closed the door that shut him from the light, when he tumbled over some of the loose furniture, making a racket that caused considerable laughter. Even the pastor could not help wreathing his mouth in marks of parenthesis. The janitor is a persistent man, and he put the cat out and returned in triumph. But his triumph was of short duration, for Pussy soon came in again. Before she got to the platform a wise lady picked her up and held her to the close of the meeting.—*Boston Herald*, Nov. 27, 1888.

## A SWEET LAUGH.

A woman has no natural gift more bewitching than a sweet laugh. It is like the sound of a flute on the water. It leaps from her in a clear sparkling rill, and the heart that hears it feels as if bathed in a cool, exhilarating spring.

## CROSSING THE BRIDGE.

Crossing the bridge is ably illustrated by the following story:

"Don't cross a bridge until you come to it." There was once a man and a woman who planned to go and spend the day at a friend's house which was some distance from their own. So one pleasant morning they started out to make the visit, but they had not gone very far before the woman remembered a bridge she had to cross, which was very old, and was said to be unsafe, and she immediately began to worry about it.

"What shall we do about that bridge?" she said to her husband. "I shall never dare to go over it, and we can't get across the river in any other way."

"Oh," said the man, "I forgot that bridge; it is a bad place; suppose it should break through and we should fall into the water and be drowned!"

"Or even," said his wife, "suppose you should step on a rotten plank and break your leg, what would become of me and the baby?"

"I don't know," said the man, "what would become of any of us, for I couldn't work, and we should all starve to death."

So they went on, worrying until they got to the bridge, and, lo and behold! they saw that since they had been there last a new bridge had been built, and they crossed over it in perfect safety, and found they might have spared themselves all their anxiety.

[For Our Dumb Animals.]

EASTHAMPTON, MASS., Jan. 11, '89.

GEORGE T. ANGELL, President,  
19 Milk Street, Boston.

Dear Sir,—While looking over my paper (Our Dumb Animals) this evening, I noticed your invitation to send you short items of interest. The following facts the writer can vouch for: I have at home, as a playfellow for my two children, an English greyhound—Prince, we call him. Last spring, while a flock of ducks were sunning themselves in the yard, one of their number went to swim in a pool near by. Prince, seeing but one of the ducks in the water, while the others were resting in what he considered a safer place, marched into the water, which was, perhaps, ten or twelve inches deep, and catching the duck's tail in his mouth, drew her gently, in spite of a good deal of noise and splashing, out of the water to the sunny spot where her mates were taking their afternoon nap. As Prince has never shown a disposition to meddle with any of the fowls, we believe he considered the duck in danger.

Yours very respectfully,

HENRY E. BARNETT.

## OUR DUMB ANIMALS.

To friends who kindly send us articles for this paper we would say, that they must not feel disappointed if they do not appear for even a year, or more, after their reception.

Our paper is small. We have only twelve numbers a year. We have always on hand accumulations enough to fill it for more than a year, and the great trouble we have is to select what to use in a particular month. If our paper was four times as large, or published weekly, it would be different.

Horses and dogs need exercise every day just as much as men and boys do, and it is cruel to keep them shut up in house or stable.

## HOW OUR READERS, OLD AND YOUNG, CAN MAKE MONEY.

We offer to all who secure *four or more annual fifty cent subscriptions to this paper one-half the money*. Every boy or girl who gets four makes a dollar—if forty, ten dollars—if four hundred, one hundred dollars. A Boston boy fourteen years old has just sent in eighteen subscriptions and receives for them four dollars and fifty cents. He is going to get a musical education and is going to pay for it by getting subscriptions for "Our Dumb Animals." Thousands of other boys and girls can do the same. We want a million subscribers and do not want to make a single penny out of the subscriptions. We will send sample copies to all who wish to canvass. On receipt at this office in money, or postoffice orders, or express orders, or postage stamps, or checks on Boston or New York, of the four or more half subscriptions, we will send the paper as ordered for one year. We hope that some man, woman or child in every town, not only in Massachusetts but in America, will in the interest of the dumb animals whom we are trying to protect engage in this work.

We believe there is no better way to wake up public sentiment on this subject in any city or town, North, South, East or West, than to get the best and most influential people to subscribe for, read, and circulate this paper.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

## WILD BIRDS TAMED WITHOUT CAGING.

Some years ago I lived with my family in a suburb, a home where birds of many species abounded. The house was surrounded with forest-trees, and the birds built nests and reared their young unmolested. My daughter, who was then a girl of ten years, took special enjoyment in feeding the birds by casting out crumbs from the table. She never frightened them, but always moved slowly and manifested great gentleness and kindness toward them. By the walk from the front door to the street was an evergreen-bush. In this a pair of robins built their nest about four feet from the ground. By this nest I daily passed and repassed, taking care not to disturb the bird which was hatching out her young. Many times a day my daughter approached the nest, but cautiously avoided disturbing the bird. So familiar had her presence become that the robin would sit on her nest till almost touched by my daughter's hand. When the young were hatched, then her delight was unbounded and she began to feed them crumbs from the table and worms which she searched for in the yard and garden. Between the care of the parent birds and that of my daughter the nestlings fattened and grew with rapidity. Soon the little ones recognized my daughter's presence, and opened wide their voracious mouths for the dainty bits she had provided for them. When they were full-fledged and ready to leave the nest, they submitted to being handled and caressed without resistance, and would follow her around the yard as chickens follow the mother hen. If the pair—there were two of them—were up in the trees, she would call, "Robie! Robie! Robie!" and they would fly to her as readily as chickens. Not only would they follow my daughter, but they soon became attached to me, and would often come at my call and perch on my hand or knees, and swallow the earth-worms which I had dug for them. They continued with us on terms of perfect friendship for about six weeks. Cold weather came on, and they left for a warmer clime and we saw them no more.—*Wm. D. Butler, in the Swiss Cross*.

It is far more honorable to help a man up than to knock him down.

## THE SNOW FALL.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

The snow had begun in the gloaming,  
And busily all the night  
Had been heaping field and highway  
With a silence deep and white.

Every pine and fir and hemlock  
Wore ermine too dear for an earl,  
And the poorest twig on the elm-tree  
Was ridged inch deep with pearl.

From sheds new-roofed with Carrara  
Came Chanticleer's muffled crow,  
The stiff rails were softened to swan's-down,  
And still fluttered down the snow.

I stood and watched by the window  
The noiseless work of the sky,  
And the sudden flurries of snow-birds,  
Like brown leaves whirling by.

I thought of a mound in sweet Auburn,  
Where a little headstone stood;  
How the flakes were folding it gently,  
As did robins the babes in the wood.

Up spoke our own little Mabel,  
Saying, "Father, who makes it snow?"  
And I told of the good All-father  
Who cares for us here below.

Again I looked at the snow-fall,  
And thought of the leaden sky  
That arched o'er our first great sorrow,  
When that mound was heaped so high.

I remembered the gradual patience  
That fell from that cloud like snow,  
Flake by flake, healing and hiding  
The scar of our deep-plunged woe.

And again to the child I whispered,  
"The snow that husheth all,  
Darling, the merciful Father  
Alone can make it fall!"

Then, with eyes that saw not, I kissed her;  
And she, kissing back, could not know  
That my kiss was given to her sister,  
Folded close under deepening snow.

## A KIND ACT WORTH RECORDING.

One summer day in the year 1880, a Bath (Maine) sea captain, who had just brought his ship into New York, telegraphed his wife at Bath to come at once to the metropolis and join him for a sea voyage. In accordance with this request, a day or two following the receipt of the telegram saw the captain's wife embarked upon the cars en route to join her husband with her infant of about two years. At Brunswick the through car from Bath to Boston is shunted and attached to the rear of the train from Bangor. Seizing the opportunity offered by the short delay, the mother, leaving her babe asleep upon one of the seats of the car, went to the restaurant in the station to have baby's bottle refilled with milk. While she was thus engaged, the train, which was already late, and was only waiting for the through Bath car to get into position, pulled quietly out of the station. When the mother emerged from the dining room the train was fast disappearing down the stretch of track which extends westward from the station.

Mothers who read this can understand the consternation and alarm of this anxious mother. Hurriedly she explained the situation to the group of railroad men and loungers who gathered round. Baby and purse containing ticket and money, save a little change, were on board the fast disappearing train.

The world is full of Christian men doing only little things when they could do great things.



THE SNOW STORM.

"Can nothing be done, gentlemen?" she eagerly inquired, turning to one and another of the sympathizing bystanders.

Old "number twenty-three" was standing sidetracked at the station, waiting the passage of the train just gone, before proceeding "up river," a term applied to all stations up the Kennebec. It remained for the engineer of number twenty-three to reply.

"There is one way, madam; come with me," he said. Then he turned and grasped me by the shoulder.

"Bring her along, Bob," said he to me, "and help her aboard number twenty-three. We'll catch that train if steam'll do it." He started on a run for his engine, without waiting for his fireman, who was absent for the moment. He hastily threw a few shovelfuls of coal into the fire-box, while I assisted the captain's wife to mount; then, with hand on throttle, and lever thrown back to the last notch, with body leaning far out the cab window, he shouted some hurried instructions to the switchman.

"Give us the main line there, Tom, and hoist the balls, and don't let any train pass west till you see us back."

Then with a rush of steam from cylinders, and a merry exhaust from the stock, old "twenty-three" slid rattling over the switches upon the main line, and began the chase.

From Brunswick station westward for five miles to the small flag station of Oak Hill, a continuous rise in the track forms what is called by railroad men, the "Oak Hill Grade." An empty engine chasing a heavy train up this grade naturally has an immense advantage, and, although the train had five minutes the start, we counted upon overtaking it before it reached the first station from Brunswick, Freeport, nine miles away.

At the engineer's direction, I now assisted the lady to the fireman's seat, and mounted the tender—we were running backward with tender ahead—to watch for the first glimpse of our chase. Looking back toward the station I could see the two red balls at the mast-head, which prevented all trains from following us, and shouted the fact to the engineer. A nod was the reply, he had already seen them.

We flew over the rails. The roll and jar of the engine were so great that an upright position could be maintained only by firmly planting one's feet among the coal. Some four miles out we came in sight of the train, and I saw the pleasure in the mother's face as we approached the train which held her darling, and the engineer with body half out of the cab window while his hand still retained its grasp upon the throttle, giving now and then a slight pull urging still faster our flying steed.

In hardly more time than it takes to tell it we

were close behind the train, and the engineer now standing in the cab, bidding me to keep a sharp lookout ahead, slowed the pace of his engine to correspond with that of the train, and with skill brought train and engine close yet closer together, until gently, so gently as to cause no shock whatever, our tender rubbed against the platform of the last car of the train.

Then, alarmed at the sudden appearance of the engine, out upon the platform came conductor and brakeman of the train, into whose outstretched arms it was my proud privilege to consign the mother, still grasping firmly in one hand the baby's bottle of milk, which had been the innocent cause of so much anxiety and effort.

So the train with mother and babe reunited, moved away from us. The engineer stopped the locomotive and reversed, and then we watched the train until it disappeared in the distance. Number twenty-three, relieved of its charge, rolled lazily back down the long grade to the station, where we were received with much enthusiasm by the crowd gathered.

We had overtaken the train six miles from our starting point, and placed our passenger on board while running at full speed, without accident. It was a dangerous thing to do, and, as the engineer remarked afterward to the captain himself, who hunted him up to reward him: "Twas a thing I did not do, nor would I undertake for money."—*Youth's Companion*.

## TURNED OVER ONLY FOR LADIES.

"Can't you turn over this seat for me?" asked a man who was traveling with his little boy on a train going out of New York on one of the trunk lines yesterday. The question was addressed to the brakeman, who seemed endowed with good nature above the average of his class. That he was in a cheerful frame of mind was shown by the pleasant smile as he answered:

"Sorry, sir, but I can't do it without the conductor's permission."

On the conductor's next trip through the car the same question was put to him.

"No," he replied; "it's against the rules to turn over a seat for a gentleman. If you had a lady with you it would be all right."

"Can't you do it for a little boy?" queried the passenger, pointing to his traveling companion.

"No, that wouldn't do."

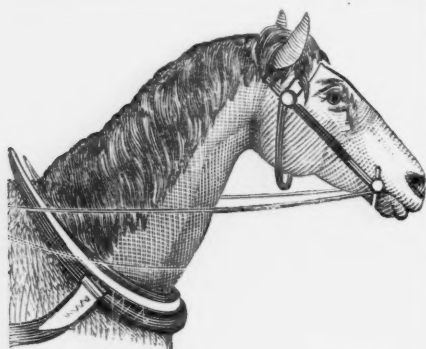
"How long has that been the rule?" was the next question.

"About six weeks."

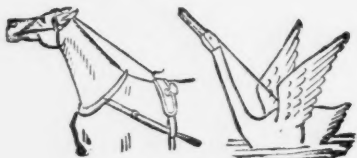
"What made the company make such a rule?"

"Because the men would put their feet on the seats. There was ten coaches spoiled that hadn't been out of the shops more than two months; there were big black spots of grease and shoe blacking on the cushions, and of course they had to be fixed over again. The company couldn't stand that sort of thing, and they decided to shut down on the whole business. I have no doubt you would treat the seat all right, but we have to enforce the rule against all alike. Ladies can still have the seats turned over."—*New York Tribune*.





Happy Horse—No Blinders or Check Reins.



Unnatural and Cruel.

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The Society has about 500 agents throughout the State who report quarterly.

## Cases Reported at Office in December.

For beating, 12; over-working and over-loading, 7; over-driving, 1; driving when lame or galled, 32; non-feeding and non-sheltering, 48; abandoning, 1; torturing, 10; driving when diseased, 4; cruelly transporting, 3; general cruelty, 49.

Total, 167.

Animals taken from work, 24; horses and other animals killed, 57.

## BY COUNTRY AGENTS, FOURTH QUARTER, 1888.

For beating, 38; over-loading, 45; over-driving, 33; driving when lame or galled, 260; driving when diseased, 21; non-feeding and non-sheltering, 62; torturing, 6; abandoning, 20; general cruelty, 163.

Total, 651.

Disposed of as follows, viz: Remedied without prosecution, 508; not substantiated, 9; prosecuted, 44; convicted, 30.

Animals taken from work, 213; killed, 259.

## Receipts by the Society in December.

## FINES.

From Justice's Court.—Amesbury, \$5; Methuen, \$8.

District Court.—Great Barrington, (2 cases) \$2.

Police Court.—Springfield, \$5.

Municipal Court.—Boston, \$10; Dorchester District, \$10;

E. Boston District, (3 cases) \$20.

Witness Fees, \$8. Total, \$68.00.

## TWO WAYS OF LOOKING AT IT.

"For what shall I give thanks?" asks the croaker. *"The crops are bad, the weather is worse; business is dull; everything is wrong; the sun never shines at all, or burns us up."*

"For what shall I give thanks?" cries the man with the clear gray eye and ruddy complexion. *Why, everything; for my dear wife, my darling babies, my home, my country, a thousand things I haven't time to mention,"* and he passes merrily along with a cheerful ring to his step and whistle as fresh as a lark's morning hymn.

## MEMBERS AND DONORS.

J. B. Glover, \$50; Miss H. M. Butler, \$1.50.

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